

The Marble Hill Press.

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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

Some people pass their good resolutions on the first reading.

A fool speaks without reflecting and a mirror reflects without speaking.

It doesn't cost anything to be polite, and it often pays enormous dividends.

A man has the same kind of respect for a bully that he has for a mile's heels.

No man ever tries to argue with his wife after two years of wedded happiness.

The man behind the red nose has knocked out Alabama's proposed dispensary law.

There are times when Jim Crow car legislation savors strongly of jackpot statesmanship.

The change in Chinese emperors would make a job for the coroner in almost any other country.

Whenever the demand for kisses exceeds the supply a young man is always anxious to establish a balance of trade.

An individual whose ideas are vague as to his own duties usually has very clear ideas as to the duties of his neighbors.

Should France and Germany intervene in the Transvaal controversy the act could not fail to arouse the Irish Senator.

If a collision could be arranged between the one-eyed mountaineers of Kentucky and the three-eyed mountaineers of Ohio, it would be worth going miles to see.

Admiral Dewey has had all sorts of experience in boats, but something different will come to him when he takes that proposed trip over Chicago's all-mud route to the Mississippi.

Four American steamers designed for the Pacific trade are each to be 73 feet long, with a capacity of 22,000 tons. Some of the builders say the trans-Pacific liners of the future will be 1,000 feet long.

Spain has nobly vindicated in honor and wisdom in deciding to renew and maintain the treaty relationships which subsisted between that country and the United States before the war.

Spain means that is to say, to make the best of its altered circumstances, turning its face toward the light instead of sulking in the shadows.

"From the frying pan into the fire" is one of Spain's own proverbs, which happily it does not intend to adopt as its rule of conduct.

The Puerto Rican problem presents some difficulties. Under the present system of Spain, the islanders enjoy certain commercial privileges, in sending their products to Spanish markets which they have now lost without receiving any compensating advantage from their connection with this country.

The result has been great poverty and distress. If the products of Puerto Rico were to be admitted to our great markets free of duty, it would please the islanders, but it displeases many of the tobacco and sugar planters who are afraid of this competition.

In these circumstances the proposal has been made in Congress to levy upon Puerto Rico goods one-half of the regular rates of duty. Whether Congress has a right to levy upon them any duty is a much disputed constitutional question.

The Brazilian minister to the United States has been endeavoring to encourage the importation into this country of Yerba mate or Paraguay tea, to take the place to some extent of Chinese tea. Yerba mate is a stimulant used generally throughout South American countries. Most Americans who visit Southern countries become fond of the drink, though it seems doubtful if it will ever take the place of tea in this country.

Our consul-general at Rio Janeiro in a report to the state department recommends its use, however, as an excellent stimulant and nerve tonic. "It is pre-eminently a temperance drink," he says, "and the temperance societies in the United States could do a very useful work by helping to popularize it. Yerba mate has all the stimulating and sustaining qualities of Chinese tea or of coffee without the detrimental effect caused by their constant and excessive use."

There are now, according to the state department report, 10,243,152 Americans eligible for military duty. These figures, coupled with the wide spread knowledge of American progress diffused during the recent Spanish war, are enough to make embattled Europe think twice and crawl into a cavernous hole before attempting such an undertaking as combat with the giant of the new world.

A man never fully realizes the wonderful patience his wife has until he gets sick and has to be waited upon.

Count Boni de Castellane is now said to be striving to secure a loan from Russell Sage. If Uncle Russell gives up his hard-won dollars to the husband of Anna Gould there will be but one general opinion among financial men—that the lively nobleman is one of the cleverest and most persuasive gentlemen of the age.

Puerto Rico's census gives a total of 975,000 persons, a density of population equal to that of Massachusetts. Cuba has but a third more population though twice times as large in area.

A trust in Bibles is the latest sign of the times. The pendulum of greed has almost swung to the farthest limit from the people. But it is going to swing back. A dozen years hence there may not be a trust in the land.

A New York woman who had no living relatives prevented considerable litigation by leaving her entire estate to her lawyer.

It is apparent from the London dispatches that the track was a little too heavy for the English light artillery.

PRODUCER CONSUMED

HOW WALL STREET LIVES ON LABOR OF THE WEST.

The capitalist of the East is Always Anxious to Know about the Western Crops—This Class Reaps the Real Harvest.

The western visitor in New York, Philadelphia, Washington or Boston is always asked the question, "How are crops out west?" He generally regards this question as a mere observation, calculated to make talk, something like that on the weather. But he little realizes the importance to the people of the East of the crop conditions of the West, writes ex-Congressman Hinrichsen in the Illinois Democratic Press Bulletin.

A few years ago when asked this question by a Washington capitalist, I answered him and then politely asked the condition of the crops in the East. He seemed surprised and said: "We have no crops." This started a train of thought in my mind. I had begun to wonder what they did in the East. I found that they had money and thrift, and that we of the West, furnished the wherewithal upon which they fed.

How is it, then, that in the course of years, their stock of money grows greater, while ours grows less, and yet, they get our wheat, our corn, our pork and our beef, in fact, everything we raise except what is absolutely necessary for our own subsistence? Their debts we owe makes the interest charged large enough to overbalance the farm production.

The advance in the price of the gold dollar and the constant fall in the price of other articles makes it impossible for us to pay this debt, and year by year we find ourselves growing poorer and the money lenders of the East growing richer.

The large fortunes held in money roll over and over like the snow ball, increasing in size, absorbing everything in touch with it, while the great masses of the people grow poorer and poorer, and but little satisfaction in the thought that the country as a whole is growing richer, and that the riches are all in the pockets of the men already rich. Is it any wonder, then, that the moneyed men of the East are for a gold standard, and should not our people favor a rational increase of the volume of our currency, which can be best produced by the free and unlimited exchange of both silver and gold at a ratio of 16 to 1?

MCKINLEY, THE MONARCH.

Like Robinson Crusoe, the gentleman from Canton, Ohio—not Canton, China, please remember—is to be left "monarch of all I survey," to accommodate the political campaign now being waged to make him Emperor of the outlying dependencies as well as President of these United States. The flat has gone forth, that it is settled by the President's fellow imperialists, that he is to be left undisturbed in his rule over the colonies, because the fifty-sixth congress is afraid to tackle the question. As a Republican senator said:

"If we were to legislate for the Philippines we would draw the fire of the whole anti-imperialist army of the country. We can avoid that by remaining quiet and leaving the Philippines as they are."

The cards are already out, that is to say, the letter heads of the department of "Our Colonial Possessions" are printed, and the Q. M. G., the A. A. J., the A. G., and the Secretary of War are daily promulgating the war on the virgin sheets, the Secretary of War even using one of them to write the house of representatives (of the U. S.) asking it to provide additional sergeants for the Q. M. D. This establishes a precedent, and we may now expect daily promulgations to be on the ramp, and it may not be long ere the plebeian American must give way before the high and mighty Lord of the colonial possessions. Faith, though, what a come down it would be if the American citizen should refuse to pay the expenses of this almighty highest!

DRUMMERS' REPENTANCE.

They were a seedy lot, even their jokes were threadbare. The returning Knights of the Poal happened on Bryan's train a few minutes before they were to leave for their former salaries, doing the work of ten each, to enable the trusts to pay large dividends and thus maintain prosperity. They were smoking in the enforced absence of choice cigarettes, and sitting in the smoker through the deprivation of Palace car perquisites, every one thought deeply. At last, breaking through the oppressive silence:

"Say, Hobbs, it strikes me that thousands of us who worked for McKinley and honest money in 1896, are working ourselves out of a job."

"That's about it," coincided Jobba. "I didn't know Bryan then. I just met him on the train for the first time. How they played us for suckers, I thought Bryan was his hair down his back and talked through his hat. Boys, I've found out something. Bryan suits me."

"My size, exactly," confessed Nobbs. "What a lot of asses we were in 1896. 'Advance dissipation and property,' that's what they humbugged us with."

"Well, weren't we?" queried Stobbs. "We were our bosses all the prosperity, and there is nothing left for us."

"That's just it," remarked Hobbs. "Our home had 40 men on the payroll and I had three States. Now there are less than a hundred and I must worry over eight States on split wages. I was fool enough to vote for McKinley in 1896, but—"

"Say no more," interrupted Gobbs, with a wave of his hand. "We're all with you. There isn't a sensible traveling man in the United States that does not realize now what an ass he was, shouting for 'McKinley and Prosperity' in 1896. Where is it, boys? I mean the prosperity; we've got McKinley all right enough."

"I am for Bryan, and everything he represents. I want opportunities to live and have a little surplus, we don't get them with McKinley. Hurrah for Bryan!"

All: "Hurrah for Bryan!"

EXPOSING THE FRAUD.

Senator Turner, in opposing the adoption of the Beveridge resolution in favor of the retention of the Philippines for all time, gives the imperialists a point to consider that is very penetrating.

The senator has an objection to the retention of the Philippines upon the logic of that central economic principle of the Republican party—protection. The Kansas City Times, alluding to the senator's point, says: "Senator Turner's contention cannot be refuted by trimmers."

HIGH PRICE OF PAPER.

TARIFF TAX ON WOOD PULP A COSTLY ONE.

May Compel Subscribers to Pay More for Their Country Newspaper—The Cry for Its Instant Relief Is Very Loud—Paper Trust Robbery.

There are very conclusive reasons why the present tariff tax on wood pulp and printing paper should be repealed, and there is no reason in the interest of American industry that pleads for the continuance of these taxes. They are now simply an element of robbery under color of law, and they should be effaced from our statutes.

The paper trust is now taxing the newspaper and book publishers of this country many millions, not because of any actual increase in the cost of producing paper, but because the trust has the power to extort from the purchasers of paper up to the extent that would make tariff-taxed foreign paper and pulp cheaper than the prices demanded here. This trust has played its country and congress should at once remove the tax that protects no American industry and that has become only an agent to rob the consumers.

Two-thirds of the wood pulp used in the manufacture of paper for American consumption should come from Canada, but it is excluded by a tariff tax, and we are now rushing headlong to the destruction of our forests, while Canada, with its almost limitless supply of timber, cannot reach our markets because of the tax imposed by the tariff.

The two conclusive reasons which should make congress act promptly are—first, that the paper trust should be an adjunct to the Standard Oil trust. With such backing we may expect it to do much during the next few years to teach us the so-called "Economic advantages of trusts."

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

The trusts and monopolies have a way of getting around high prices that the poor cannot touch. They simply give a poorer article at a higher price and continue their work of benevolence. This time wool aggravates the trusts and they avoid the high price of it in the following manner, according to the Springfield Republican:

"The high price of wool is driving manufacturers to the use of rags and shoddy and cotton in the manufacture of cloth to an exceptional degree, so the trade papers say, and this is, of course, what would be expected. First in the rag market are accordingly quite as strong and buoyant as in the wool market. As the general purchasing power of the people has not increased to such an extent as the prices of wool and rags and shoddy, the result of it all will be that the masses must wear more adulterated woolen clothing than usual and pay a higher price for the same. We hope, however, that this will not increase the liability of the people to colds and grip and pneumonia, in accordance with the theory that section, 'and I heard of a funny incident not long ago about it. Some chap had come from the Mississippi valley to take up his residence at Whatcom, on Bellingham bay, where there are very high tides. When the boat landed him at the end of the long pier extending over the tide flat, the water was low and the new man didn't notice anything but a wide stretch of sand between the boat and the town. It was in the evening about dark and was raining, and he went to the hotel on the front street and stayed there, going to bed without having gone out for a walk. The next morning when he got up he looked out and the tide was in, the water coming up close to the hotel. He gazed at the widespread waters for an instant, and throwing up his hands in astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Gee whiz, but it must have rained hard last night.' Then he hurried down stairs to the office to find out what was going on, and he found that the tide was no danger from the food, and the clerk smiled four or five times and gave him some much-needed information."—Washington Star.

Both in the Same Box.

A person who occasionally preaches in South London arrived to take the place of the vicar, who had been called away on account of some family bereavement, and found an old and rather asthmatic lady struggling up the steps which led to the front door. He courteously gave her his arm to assist her and when they reached the top the dame asked him if he knew who was going to preach. "Mr. So-and-So," replied the person, giving his own name. "Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the old lady; "help me down again, if you please; I'd rather listen to the groaning and creaking of a windmill than sit under him," and she prepared to descend. The person gently assisted her downstairs and slightly remarked as he bid her good-by: "I wouldn't go in, either, if I weren't the preacher."

New Method of Lighting Tunnels.

A new method of lighting tunnels is to be adopted in one constructed in Paris for an electric road. Electric lamps will be turned on automatically as the train enters the tunnel and cut off automatically as it emerges. The lights are arranged on each side on a level with the windows of the cars, so that during daytime it will not be necessary to turn on the light in the cars. This mode has been devised by a French inventor, and doubtless will be found of great utility.

Domestic Reminders.

Wife—Do you know what you remind me of? Husband—No, but I do know what you remind me of. Wife—What? Husband—Of every little thing I forget to attend to that you ask me about.—Detroit Free Press.

The Dictionary Habit.

Friend—What queer language your husband uses. He pronounces every word a half a dozen different ways. Wife—Yes, he has a dozen different dictionaries.—New York Weekly.

Not Particular.

Brown—"I hear Jones is looking around for new quarters." Smith—"Oh, I guess he isn't particular about them. He's borrowed an old one from me this morning."—New York World.

Pretty Low Temperature.

Teacher—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?" Smart Scholar—"He has cold feet, ma'am."—Christian Register.

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Edward W. Hopkins.

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CHAPTER XI.

On the following morning Rob rose weary and aching from a bed on which he had tossed in wakefulness since he had heard the words of Lemuel Starnes. Capt. Elvin nodded to him when he stepped out into the large room, and he stepped out the way to the dining-room.

"Eat heartily," he said. "You have a day of hard work before you."

"Thank you, sir, I don't smoke," said Rob. "It seemed to Rob that every bone in his body ached from the excessive exertion of his walk the day before. But he was so thoroughly aroused to the necessities of his situation that he grimly bore it without a word, and fell to on the breakfast as if he was really a happy boy."

Breakfast over, Capt. Elvin lit a cigar and offered one to Rob.

"Thank you, sir, I don't smoke," said Rob.

"Not smoke? A nephew of Torrovo not smoke?"

"But I was not always with my uncle Ricardo," said Rob.

"True. Boys in New York do not seem to smoke as early as they do here. Well, Ricardo, come. Let's get to work."

The Englishman led the way to the office again, and pointed to a desk on which there were paper and writing materials.

"That is your place," he said. "Torrovo is young for this trust, but Torrovo spoke highly of you. He said you could be trusted. But, after all, I am not going to trust you far. You will know the names of the men you write to, and that is all. Now, I will give you three forms of letters. They are in cipher, and no one except those who receive them can read them. Then I will give you a list of names for each form."

Rob took the list of names and wrote them down.

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